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The writer of this letter,—B. A. Hinsdale, late of the University of Michigan,—has left a name in political science and in education. When he wrote the letter, he was a young man twenty-three years old, and was spending a vacation helping his farmer father tap the maples for sugar making.

MARY L. HINSDALE.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

IMMORTAL YOUTH

SIR.—To many of the patriotic and loving yet bereaved fathers and mothers whose sons have fallen in the Great War, I have found that one of the most comforting thoughts has been that their "boys" have been thereby endowed with "immortal youth."

No matter how long the parents live, their boy never will grow old to them. Had he and they lived together for ten, twenty or forty years, the boy of twenty-odd would have become the man of even sixty-odd with gray hairs and the *pes anserinus* furrowing his temples. Once he has given life itself for Liberty and Civilization, he has passed from the Realm of Time, with its changes and its vicissitudes, its ageing and its decrepitude, into the Realm of Immortality. There he never will lose the bloom of youth with his well-remembered inspiring buoyancy, his affection, his ardent, hopeful, cheerful life. Immortality for him and them knows neither Decay nor Decline. Its voice is ever that of vigorous, hopeful, radiant Eternal Youth.

I believe as firmly in Immortality and the Future Life as I do in my present existence. Hence I believe that Immortal Youth is the future of our young heroes who have made what is well called the "Supreme Sacrifice."

W. W. KEEN, M. D.

Philadelphia, Pa.